

Poor Robbin's Parley with D^R. WILDE,

O R,

Reflections on The *HUMBLE THANKS* for His Majesties Declaration

F O R

Liberty of CONSCIENCE.

NOW that the Dust (Sir!) pretty well is laid
which by your *Capering* you lately made.
When several *Poetaslers* of the times,
Run out ha-loo to *Bull-bait* your bold times,
Chatt'ring at you as Troops of smaller Fowl,
Are wont against (*Minerva's* bird) the Owl;
And your late *Tip/sid* muse ('tis hop'd again,
Has after this large cast settled her Brain.
Vouchsafe t'admit your Brother to your sight,
Who yet comes more to *parley* then to *fight*.

When first the *Hawkers* Baul'd i'th streets *Wild's* name,
A *lickorish longing* to my pallate came;
A *Feast of wit* I look'd for, but, alas!
The meat smelt *strong*, and too much *sawce* there was,
The Northern March, who would not grieve to see't,
Forc'd to claim *kindred* with a *Ballad sheet*?
Methoughts it could not be, *Wild's* noble vain,
Should *dwindle* thus into a *Dogg'rel strain*,
Whose Muse of yore did on a *Loyal string*,
Triumphant Georgicks, and brave *Carols* sing,
His Language flowing, and his fancies fine,
Rich as his *face*, and sparkling as his *wine*
That he should now in *hobbling Meetre* creep,
That (like his *Sermons*) only invites to *sleep*.
But I le not rob you of the glory due
Unto this *Doughty Feat*, on second view
I find there's cause to guesl (Sir!) 't may be you.
Who but a *Doctor* skill'd in all the Arts,
To mince a Text in four and Twenty parts,
So *apily* could Commence his *bumble Thanks*,
With *Threescore Lines* about *Star-Readers* pranks,
With *Tales* of *pimping Cuckolds*, *picking Fobs*,
Going to Stool, and such grave witty *Bobs*,
Upon your *Priesthood* tell us Sir; of late
Have you not *Exercised* nigh *Billinggate*?
We hereby find without a figure cast,
That still your *Wild Phanatick Freaks* do last,
The *Dragons Tail* to the *Horoscope* doth cling,
And in your mouth lies its *Invenom'd sting*,
Which makes you *Hiss* at *Reverend Prelates* thus,
And seek once more to start, the old *lusty Puss*.
'Cause you have got your rambling *Libertye*,
So great, So *universal* and so *free*
Must *sacred Functions* taste your *Raillere*.
Must you go *dream*, and wish the *Rotchet* may,
To the *Lay-Elders Morley Coat* give way?
The *lofty Miter* to the *Blew-bonnet* vail,
And grave *Caffock* to curtail'd *Jump* strike sail;

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Shall *Wild-boars* that not long since trampled down
Our thriving *Vines*, and crush't them on the ground?
Now *dress* our *Vineyards*, or they feed our *Flock*
Who brought our *Royal Shepherd* to the *Block*?
No, let such *Vultures* lurk in *Bushes* *Cold*,
Whilst still our *Loyal Swans* their *Steeple* hold;
But tell me *Wild!* Is't not a *Bull*, or worse,
We shall ha'ch *milk*, yet you would fain be *Nurse*?
'Tis plain you mean to *starve* the little brood,
Or (what some fear) would bring them up with *blood*;
You'd have all *Jyn*, even the *Quakers* too,
(*Insects* that first *crawl'd* out upon's from you)
And yet each Line betrays your curs'd intent,
Is only old *Divisions* to foment,
To scoff at *Clergy-Men* of all degrees,
And *saucily* to stile them *Judas*
Is sure t' *Abuse* this *Act of Grace*, the *King*
Indulg'd your *Preaching* not your *Libelling*;
To try your *Tempers* was his *Royal will*,
And you'r but on your *good Behavior*'s still;
Since your long *Silenc'd Tongues* again set free,
And *govry Toes* to have their *libertye*,
Methinks henceforth they should in *Pulpits* prance,
And not thus *wantonly* in *Sonnets* *Dance*;
Fie! Fie! A *Minister* and *Lampoon*! give'ore
Here's other fish to fry, play the fool no more
In *Rhime*, but now begin on the other Score.
Hark how the *Thickscull'd Rams* of your *Fold* bleat,
Away then with your *Pipe*, and give them *meat*;
The *kinder Sisters* too, come thronging round,
From *Theeving-Lane*, *White-Chappel*, *Horsley-down*;
Whose *free Benevo'ence* more *Treasure* brings
Then all our *Tythes* and *Easter-offerings*;
Besides their *Loving zeal*'s so great some say,
They know how to ob'ige another way;
Up, *precious Man*! then with a *melting Tone*,
A *pious Goggle*, and *Counterfeit grone*,
With tedious *prayers*, holy sayings *abus'd*,
Good words forty times to no purpose us'd;
Strange *Raptures*, and Face *wrinkled* as if there
The *Gospel* were *Transcrib'd* in *Character*;
Hold forth, till not one *Handkerchief*'s left dry,
But all do *weep*, though not one *Soul* knows why;
By such your *we'l known Arts*, thou'l get o'th sudden,
Good *Wine*, good *Candles*, good refreshing *Pudden*;
And for *Tyth-piggs* the *Curate* may'st *Defie*,
Since all the *Sows* belong unto thy *Stye*.

P O O R R O B I N .